riders went off at a steady pace, Mr. Gosset in the front seat, the steering and brake being under the control of Mr. Nicholson. The wind was fresh and dead ahead, blowing from the southwest. Over the flat, exposed stretch of country to Staines it was very trying. At Shrub's Hill twelve and a quarter miles were completed in sixty-two minutes, and here, easing up, we soon lost sight of the tricycle, and followed on leisurely. Soon after this the wind, which had increased in force, assumed the proportions of a gale and over the exposed portions of the road to Winchester—and these are very considerable—it seemed to exceed a gale in intensity, more especially during the squalls of rain that came on soon after noon. Over the Hartford Bridge Flats it was only by the hardest work that any headway was made at all. Basingstoke—35¼ miles—was made at 11:15 A. M., and left at 11:19 A. M. And the next halt was made at the Cart and Horses Inn, at King's Worthy—50¾ miles, time 12:52 P. M. Sixty minutes later the riders were heading on an easterly course for Itchen Abbots, with the wind favorable, and, passing through Alresford and Alton, arrived at Farnham at 3:05 P. M.—70¼ miles. Here they were met by Messrs. C. H. Larette and F. Cooper, and after a rest of twenty minutes, were once more on the road. Exercising a wise discretion, however, they deemed it unadvisable to return toward Winchester in the teeth of a strong wind, so they passed over the Hog's Back to Guildford, and thence by Ripley to Ditton at 5:20 P. M. After a brief delay of five or six minutes they rode on to the Bay tree at Merton (halting seven minutes), and back again through Ditton and to within three miles of Ripley. Here estimating the time remaining — thirty-eight minutes — would enable them to make Ditton once more, they put about again, and reached the "Angel" there with six or seven minutes to spare. These, with commendable economy of time, they utilized in covering another mile or so of ground, by making two circuits of the Green; thus bringing their journey to a conclusion at 8:13 P, M. with 132 miles.—*London Field.*

Taste in House Furnishing.

A simple room, plainly and cheaply furnished, but arranged with a careful and artistic eye and hand, may be more attractive than the most sumptuous drawing-room where the divine gift is lacking. A very good test of the room, is to consider "Would it lok pretty in a picture?" To find this out turn the mirror upon the different parts, and see the effect. This will often help one to correct and rearrange anything that may be wrong. If new carpets cannot be procured, Brussels and ingrains may be wonderfully cleaned and brightened by washing them, on the floor, with white castile soap and water. This renews the carpet, never injures, and always freshens it. Take two pails of tepid water, and finely scrape into one enough white soap to make a slight lather. Wash the surface of the carpet lightly (not sopping) with the lather only. The large scrubbing brushes with long handles are good for the purpose. Rinse well with the second pail of water, still not wetting too much, and dry with soft, clean cloths. If the carpet is worn as well as soiled, cover the centre with gray linen, leaving a bordering of the carpet. This linen, too, makes excellent coverings for lounges and chairs, and a curtain of the same, washed of its stiffness, trimmed with Ritcella or antique lace and hung on a pole, falls into most graceful folds

The arms and legs of old chairs may be tastily adorned with bunches of ribbon. Lace curtains are looped back with wide satin ribbon, generally white, or old gold. For bedrooms the newest curtains are of plain India muil, the same color as the furnishings of the chamber. If blue, they are tied back with pale pink ribbon, and *vice versa*. The latest *portieres* are of crazy patchwork, oriental in their gorgeousness and very handsome. Fine paintings are great furnishers, and she who is so happy as to possess these, and should make the most of them, have her drawing-room walls of a neutral gray to throw them out to greater advantage. But if good oil or water-colors be wanting, have a paper of robin's-egg blue, with a maroon bordering, or one of the charming Morris Rossetti papers designed in naturalistic figures.

In these days, however, no one should be without good pictures of some kind, when beautiful etchings and engravings are so plentiful and cheap, and fine copies called "Photo-Gravures," of Millet's "Angelus," Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," and other masterpieces of Delaroche, Alma Tadema, and Millins, can be had for a few shillings. These can be framed at home with broad strips of mahogany, that will contrast well with the creamy tint o the paper. Smaller pictures should be mounted and framed with a plush mat of olive-green, crimson, or duck's-throat blue. But do not make the mistake of overcrowding a room with ornaments, giving it the appearance of a bazaar or shop. Bric-a-brac and dainty bits of needlework give a great air of comfort and refinement, if not overdone. A touch of yellow is necessary to the beauty of every apartment, and when possible, have an open fire, which is the very soul of home. A richly-tinted jar or vase, rightly placed, will always give expression to a whole room, while growing plants are always desirable. Never place natural flowers in a vessel ornamented with flowers. Goethe says: "Art is called Art because it is not Nature," and we can not expect to bring painting, no matter how well done, close to Nature without the former suffering somewhat by the contrast.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

The Closing Hours in the Lives of Some Eminent Men.

The last scene of all in fiction and biography is generally the most affecting and often the most characteristic. One might make a curious collection of extracts to show how frequently those who are crossing the river recur, at the moment of unconsciousness, to striking events in former years, or to occupations which have taken a strong hold of the sufferer when in active life. The last words of Napoleon were remarkable for this, and we have lately been struck by the account of the death of the great magistrate, Chief Justice Parsons of Massachusetts, in the memoir by his son, the late Professor Parsons of the Harvard Law School: "His thoughts, when he could no longer control them, went back to his duties and his business, and responded unconsciously to his condition as death drew near to close his earthly career. When he spoke it was as a judge, giving answers, directions, etc. At last, after a suspense of speech so long that we thought we should never hear his voice again, he suddenly revived, and with a perfect distinctness spoke for the last time on earth that formula which he had used hundreds of times: 'Gentlemen of the jury, the case is closed and in your hands. You will please retire and agree upon your verdict.'"

Almost the same thing is said in the biography of Lord Chief Justice Tenterden. We quote from his life by Lord Campbell: "An access of fever supervening, he was put to bed, from which he never rose. He became delirious and talked incoherently. Afterward he seemed to recover his composure, and, raising his head from the pillow, was heard to say, in a slow and solemn tone, as when he used to conclude his summing up in cases of great importance: 'And now, gentlemen of the jury, you will consider of your verdict.' These were his last words. When he had uttered them his head sunk down, and in a few minutes he expired without a groan."

In connection with the above it affords us pleasure to print a communication from an accomplished scholar, whose accuracy in matters of history is only equalled by the eloquent simplicity of his style:

"I met the other day a little article on the difficulty of getting correctly the last words of great men, and referring particularly to William Pitt. It brought to my mind Daniel Webster. The evening before he died his physician repeated to him the words 'Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me,' and Mr. Webster replied, as if in sympathy, but too weak to complete the sentence, 'Thy rod and Thy staff — the fact — the fact — I want—.' Here the matter rested, as at first reported, and, I think, as publicly reported by Mr. Everett. The true account, as it came to me very directly, is as follows: Mr. Webseer asked whether he was likely to live till morning. His physician, Dr. Jeffreis, not willing to give a direct answer, repeated from the twenty-third Psalm, 'Thy rod and Thy staff,' etc. Mr. Webster saw the evasion, and in a clear and rather severe tone said: 'Thy rod and Thy staff! the fact, the fact, I want,' *i. e.*, he wanted an answer to his question."

"This reminds me of the last, or nearly the last, words of his distinguished friend, Jeremiah Mason. His daughter said in a suppressed voice, 'He is dying.' Mr. Mason asked what she was saying 'Nothing, father,' she replied, 'Precisely what words did you use to say nothing?' was the question then put by the great lawyer and cross-examiner. In both these instances the clear, penetrating intellect of the advocate continued to the last."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements made, or opinions expressed by our correspondents.

The Sugar Basis.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: I see in your issue of Tuesday last (weekly) what looks like a very valuable table of sugar values from a number of plantations, furnished by Messrs. G. W. Macfarlane & Co. As, however, my agent has never been in the habit of making up tables like that, and I am not much of a hand at mathematics, the figures are not quite intelligible to me, and my book-keeper doesn't seem able to help me out. It is important that planters and mill owners should understand these things. Is the table intended to show that Spreckels doesn't give some planters as much as he should, and favors some more than others?

Can you oblige a

PUZZLED PLANTER.

30th September, 1884.

Music, Song, and Politics

MR. EDITOR:—It was shrewdly said by one whose name I now forget: Allow me to furnish the songs for the people, and then I will furnish the laws and the rulers of the people."

Shakspeare said:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoils;
Let no man trust him."

And Shakspeare also said:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

And thus it was that Francis Key, while languishing as a prisoner of war on board a British man-of-war in the Chesapeake Bay, near Baltimore, during the war of 1812, between Great Britain and the United States, wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," the "sweet sounds" of which cheered and moved his fellow countrymen to battle, and to victory, in defence of that banner, and afterwards all America kept step to the music of that patriotic and soul-stirring song, until some unpleasantness occurred in the family of the States, when several of the "erring sisters" (as Horace Greely characterized them) unwisely and mistakenly (though honestly, as they doubtless thought) rebelled, and hoisted another, and very different, banner; and, after shedding and losing much blood and treasure, including property in four million slaves, that banner went down in blood, and since then the *entente cordiale* has been restored, and they have since been wiser and better; and now, with the exception of a very few unreconstructable old men (who, like the Bourbons, never learned anything, and never forgot anything) join in the chorus of the "Star Spangled Banner," and say "Long may it wave o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave." And who of the hundreds of thousands of the "Boys in Blue" will say that the "Star Spangled Banner," and the war song, "Rally round the flag, boys; rally o'er again," did not inspire and nerve them to deeds of daring and valor in defence of that flag, and of the Union, of which its stars and stripes symbolize?

"May that Union endure until the realms of ether glow;
And Heaven's last trump shall shake the world bw."

John Howard Payne, while he was himself homeless and houseless, gave the world the immortal "Home, sweet home," the "sweet sounds" of which moved him while wandering and begging bread through London and other cities—like Homer, of whom it was said, after his death:

"Seven wealthy cities now contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

And "Home, sweet home," rendered its author's name immortal, and exhumed his body after death from an obscure grave in a foreign land, and secured it final sepulture n a splendid mausoleum in the capitol of America—his own native land. It thus appears that the world is indebted to the "uses" of "adversity," in the imprisonment of Francis Key and the poverty of John Howard Payne, for songs which seem destined to live as long as America shall live.

Who, of the senior class of American politicians now living, do not remember how largely the campaign song "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too," and the mummery of log cabins and hard cider, on wheels, contributed towards the election of Gen. Harrison (the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe) and Tyler to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States? And now plumes (*a la* the plumed Knights of Navarre), and one hundred and twenty-five Blaine campaign songs seem to be wafting him into the Presidency, and leaving Cleveland with only sixty-five campaign songs, to contemplate the vanity of all sublunary things.

M. T.

"Charlie," said manna, "you have been a very naughty boy. You have been playing marbles, and you know I told you that you musn't, for it is gambling, and gambling is very wicked. Now I hope you will never gamble again." Charley promised he wouldn't, and his mamma was so delighted that she took him to the parish fair and gave him the money to ke chancesin almost everything there.